2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

XIII

The journey beyond the mountains—Capturing a bear—The night encampment—Entrance into the valley of Lescoha—The dashing escort—Camp of the Spotted Leopard—Another war dance—No change of programme—The bargain and sale—Renewal of the bloody covenant—Value of a captive—Arrival of Moko with the watch—Attempt to escape—Cutting the knee cord—Buffalo hunting—Battle with the Apaches—Meeting of Rolling Thunder and Spotted Leopard—Hanging by the heels—The arrival of the white women captives.

On this journey I was neither tied or blindfolded, but rode a bridled mule, while the warriors were mounted on their best horses. They usually kept me in advance of them, directing me when to turn to the right and left. We followed a well-beaten trail that led in a northwest direction. On reaching the head of the valley, we turned to the left, and began the ascent of a wide, low range of mountains, winding in and out of narrow passes and defiles, but still gradually ascending, traveling in this manner some twenty miles before reaching the summit. The descent on the opposite side was of equal extent.

The ravines were overgrown with dwarfish trees, and the adjacent mountains in general were rocky, but occasionally between the ridges that rose in succession one above the other were small, level plats, covered with a heavy growth of grass, upon which buffalo, deer, and antelopes were feeding.

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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that at some period, more or less remote, this valley had been inhabited by a people skilled in architecture and evidently possessing, in a high degree, a knowledge of mechanism and the arts. Whether the Rolling Thunder's account of their destruction is correct, or his belief that their successors will eventually be disposed of in the same summary manner is orthodox, will admit of argument; nevertheless, there is no doubt that, in common with all the tribes of the Comanches, he entertains this belief, in genuine sincerity. It is this unwavering faith in the future ascendancy of the red man, and the final restoration to him of all the possessions he has lost, which prompts him to perpetual resistance, and which so often led the Rolling Thunder to exclaim, after I had described some marvelous invention—"Wonderful, wonderful are the works of the white man, but the Great Spirit will destroy them all."

After leaving the volcanic valley and ascertaining the feeding grounds of the bison, we returned to the village, and soon again set forth on the yearly buffalo hunt. It is a singular fact that on these excursions the hunters are followed by droves of wolves. They seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the business in which the party is about to engage. As soon as the skin is stripped from the buffalo they surround the carcass and devour it. To wake in the dead of night, after dreaming, peradventure, of early home and friends, to find yourself under a rude tent, in those far distant wilds, surrounded by a savage tribe, produces sensations, lonely and desolate indeed—but terror mingles with the sense of desolation when, all around, the adjacent solitudes are vocal with the barking and snarling and howling of wolves, gorging themselves at their midnight feasts.

It was at such times as these my soul longed to reach once

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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over abrupt precipices, often suffering with hunger and parched with thirst. I doubt if civilized or savage man ever before or since made the passage of this sterile region. During the day I directed by course by the sun, always keeping in view, as far as practicable, in my zig-zag progress some prominent peak far in the distance. At night I was guided by the north star. However, there were many cloudy days and nights, during which I was unable to proceed with certainty, and consequently lost much time.

There were many difficulties, hardships, and dangers encountered on this lonesome journey, a correct description whereof it is impossible for me to draw, or the reader to conceive. For instance, I was frightfully annoyed by snakes. It has been seen on a former page that the sight of these reptiles always inspired me with emotions of dread and terror. There was a flat-headed adder I frequently discovered on wet ground and near streams and springs of water; rattlesnakes were everywhere; but there was another species, a kind I had never seen, and am ignorant of the name naturalists have applied to it. It was of a brown color, rather slim, and as often exceeding as falling short of nine feet in length. It inhabited the clefts of the rocks, and stretched itself out on the ledges in the sun. One of its peculiar characteristics was to blow, when disturbed, emitting a loud, disagreeable, unnatural noise, half hiss, half bellow. Frequently while laboring up the steep side of a mountain, drawing myself up a declivity by grasping slight rooted twigs that had sprung up in the cracks and crevices of the rocks, as my head emerged above the surface I was striving to attain, one of these monsters would raise itself to the height of three feet and blow directly in my face. It made my "locks," which, indeed, were "knotted and combined, to part, and each particular hair to stand on

● /36 end:" Bears were numerous, and occasionally a panther could be seen stealing noiselessly through the underwood, but these caused me very little, in fact, no apprehension whatever.

ooo On the twentieth day Indians were again discovered. I had reached another valley early in the morning, and from a secure point was making observations, when I perceived them, to the number of a hundred horsemen, followed by a train of pack mules moving towards the west. There was no village to be seen, and I concluded, therefore, they were a party on a visit to some neighboring tribe, the buffalo-hunting season having passed. Watching them until the last one had disappeared and making myself certain others were not approaching, I hurried over the narrow valley at a rapid pace, and commenced another "crossing of the Alps."

By this time the horse had suffered so much from thirst and the want of forage that he had become emaciated in the extreme. His hoofs, likewise, were broken, and he was lame and spiritless. My moccasins, also, were worn out, my feet covered with bruises, and my whole body sore and stiff. In this condition we reached, one day, a singular spot, a deep basin among the hills, enclosing bottom land to the extent of ten or fifteen acres, covered alternately with patches of grass and thickets of brush and wholly shut in by lofty eminences. A spring, clear as crystal, gushed from the base of the mountain on one side, and a number of deer were feeding at different points. At this green spot in the desert I remained twelve days.

Though I had no mirror with me to make a particular examination, I expect my personal appearance was not especially attractive. Three years had elapsed since my beard or the hair of my head had defiled a comb, brush, or razor. My moccasins were dilapidated beyond redemption, my

The Comanches

773 That dog was still in there. The girl grabbed a club to brain
539 him, but he turned back to his human form. Hanging on to the side of a buffalo, he rode out without her getting him. He made straight for the hills, and there he saw that mess of buffaloes.

With that he went straight back to his people.

"How did you make out? What happened?" They wanted to know.

He told them, "Tomorrow at sunrise those buffaloes will be right at our door," he said.

After that they always had plenty of buffalo to eat. That is how they got them. » » »

136 The American bison, or "buffalo," as it is commonly called, is not really a buffalo at all. It is a gregarious bovine ruminant, one of the largest members of the family *Bovidae* that also includes cattle, sheep, goats, and antelope. It is a close relative of the bison of Europe, although quite different in appearance in many respects. It is of rather early origin. Recently discovered fossil remains are said by geologists to belong to the middle Pleistocene age, to be not less than four hundred thousand years old.

The first buffalo seen by Europeans was in 1521 by Cortez in the menagerie of Montezuma. Núñez Cabeza de Vaca was the first European to report seeing buffalo in Texas. Pedro de Castañeda, the chronicler of the Coronado expedition, recorded that there were so many of them he did not know what to compare them to except the fish in the sea; they were so thick that many times his party was unable to go through them.

The buffalo were found on the whole of the Great Plains. The eastern limit of the buffalo land followed roughly from the north along the ninetieth meridian to the northeastern corner of Iowa. Then it bore slightly to the southwest, crossing the Red River about the ninety-eighth meridian, ran south in Texas to about the thirty-first degree of latitude, entered the southern part of New Mexico about the one hundredth and fourth meridian, and roughly followed the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the north. Thus the entire Comanchería fell well within the buffalo range.

Within this area the vast herds drifted back and forth in seasonal

3:Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
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migrations. In the fall they moved south from two hundred to four hundred miles to winter in a more favorable climate, drifting north again with the coming of spring. In spring and summer the herds shifted away from the mountains; in winter, toward them.

The number of buffalo on the plains before commercial slaughter began reached a figure that staggers the imagination. In Kansas alone, it has been estimated that the bones of thirty-one million head were gathered and sold for fertilizer between 1868 and 1881.[34] A vast herd comprising considerably more than four million animals was seen by competent witnesses in 1871 on the Arkansas River between Fort Zarah and Fort Larned. The main herd was fifty miles deep and twenty-five miles wide—and this was only one of the many herds in existence at the time. On one occasion when the Great Herd moved north, it extended more than one hundred miles in width and was of unknown length, and it was estimated conservatively that the herd contained over one hundred million head.[35] Small wonder that the Comanches forgot to a great extent the starvation fears that beset the poor Shoshones!

Buffalo hunting for the Comanche followed fairly closely a regular pattern. At certain seasons, when the animals were fat, the hunt became a tribal affair and the slaughter of the great beasts took the shape of a co-operative venture. The great communal hunts occurred during the summer months after the seasonal moulting was done and the hides were in their prime, and during November and December when the hides, covered with a dark, seal-brown coat of fur, were best for winter robes. Preparation for the great fall hunt began in October, and the time was determined in democratic assembly at which everyone was welcome to listen, but in which the war leaders made the important decisions.

Having decided upon an approximate time and location for the hunt, the entire camp became alive with activity. Runners were sent to seek a location for the temporary hunting camp. It must be near water and timber. Scaffolds must be erected for drying the meat. When all was ready, the young and able-bodied men, women, and

[34] Henry Inman, *The Old Santa Fé Trail*, 203.

[35] Martin S. Garretson, *The American Bison*, 44–64. The estimate was made by General Philip H. Sheridan, Major Henry Inman, and Robert M. Wright who lived for fifty years in the heart of the buffalo country.

agencies along the frontier, and to furnish blacksmiths to repair the Indians' arms and utensils.

The government early adopted the policy of passing out gifts, later institutionalized as annuities, at tribal gatherings when treaties were made in futile attempts to stem the harrowing raids of the Comanche and thus pave the way for White encroachment. The following is a representative list of goods distributed at a council in 1845:[22]

> 21 silk handkerchiefs, 3 cotton handkerchiefs, 4 cotton shawls, 8 pieces blue prints, 40¾ yards blue and red strouding, 7¾ pieces blue drill, 75 pounds brass wire, 5 dozen tin pans, 13 tin buckets, 12 pounds vermilion, 12 dozen butcher knives, 1¾ dozen cocoa handles, 5 dozen horn combs, 8 dozen ivory combs, 2¾ dozen files, 7¾ M. brass tacks, 2 pounds linen thread, 1¾ dozen fire steels, 1¾ M. needles, 1¾ dozen looking glasses, 4¾ pounds indigo and verdigris, 2¾ dozen squaw hatchets, 4 dozen tin cups, 1¾ dozen pair red blankets, 7¾ dozen pair white blankets, 42 small bars lead, 12 large bars lead, 2 pieces unbleached domestic, 35 pounds powder.

Due both to impoverishment caused by the rapidly dwindling buffalo herds and to the pressure of White settlers, the Comanche became increasingly restive. Raiding, fighting with the United States Army and Texas volunteers, and the constant making and breaking of treaties characterised the years up to 1875 when the Comanche were finally rounded up and confined to the Fort Sill Reservation along with the Wichita, Kiowa, and Kiowa-Apache. Typical of the many treaties of the time was the one made at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, in 1867 when the government promised rations, an agency with a warehouse and a resident agent, physician, teacher, carpenter, blacksmith, farmer, miller, and engineer as employees. Through the years 1854–1859 many of the Texas Comanche had already been placed on a reservation where an unsuccessful attempt at farming and a settled life was made.

[22] R. N. Richardson, The Comanche Barrier to South Plains Settlement, p. 136 (Glendale, Calif., 1933).

11: Casagrande E,L-5 (1940) . 1954
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657 The early reservation days were largely times of turmoil and discontent. Rations were often scant and inferior, schools and hospital facilities were inadequate, and epi-
657 demics were rife. Cattle-men from Texas
648 grazed their stock on reservation lands without payment or permission, and altercations between the Indians and U. S. troops were
657 frequent. In 1879 the agent, Hunt, instructed that each family should be located on a piece of land on which they were to remain, and no Indian was allowed to leave the reservation without military escort—an in-
648 junction that was often disobeyed. Long before the Territory was opened to the flood of White settlers in 1901 the influx of prospectors, squatters, farmers, missionaries, traders, gamblers, liquor peddlers, adventurers, and squaw-men had begun.

657 Sheep were issued in 1877 and 1878, but
231 there was no sale for the wool and, the Indians were said to have disliked them so much that the idea had to be given up.
241 Farming was begun in 1879, but the Indians'
492 teams were too weak to break the heavy
464 sod and the plowing had to be done by Whites who continued to be hired as farm-
361 ers. The first houses were built in 1877 and ten years later a number of churches were
136 erected. By 1880 the buffalo were gone and cattle had replaced them on the ranges.
434 "Grass money", paid by Texas cattle-men for grazing privileges, was instituted in 1885 and provided the chief source of
625 tribal income. The Indian police were or-
692 ganized in 1877 and in 1886 an Indian court was established and functioned until 1900.
657 Earlier, in 1872, the first of a series of joint delegations of reservation Indians went to Washington.

648 The ratification in 1900 of the "Jerome
657 Agreement" between the United States
178 government and the Apache, Kiowa, and Comanche Indians marked the end of reservation life and ushered in the modern
648 period. Under its articles the Indians ceded
423 their claims to the land formerly known as Indian Territory except one tract called "the Big Pasture", and each man, woman,

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1954 NO6 Comanche NO6
Texas

[Co. 1818]

than any other people whatever. Foppery in all its contemptible gradations, of dress, deportment and mental nothingness and insipidity is the prevailing characteristic of the young men. An Indian Dandy would, to be sure, be an amusing *unique* in the circles of fashion; but if you could transport a full dressed Comanchee buck into a coterie of our most exquisite "Delectables," my word for it, he would eclipse them in all the essential properties of that profession. The squaws from the infancy are too completely servile to bestow either time or solicitude on the ornaments of person. The men are large, and well proportioned and generally, good looking—the women, as much the reverse as human nature will bear. As a nation, they think themselves the most numerous and powerful on earth—and will listen with incredulous wonderment to a recital of facts that controul this flattering opinion.—So true is it that ignorance and vanity are inseparably allied.

The Comanchees do not cultivate the earth, but subsist for the most part on the erratic Buffaloes which descend into their district in the fall, in pursuit of a verdant herbage, and return in the spring, (such of them as survive the depredations of their numerous biped enemies) to their northern range. It has been remarked that the number of Buffaloes that annually reach the regions inhabited by the Comanchees, has sensibly diminished within a few years. In the event of a serious failure of that munificent provision of nature, these and other tribes of similar habits, will be compelled to resort to agriculture, or to recede northwardly in pursuit of their ancient prey. The former of these alternatives would be difficult of adoption, on account of their native inertness and aversion to labor; and the latter would probably be rendered impracticable by the jealousy of other tribes, who already occupy the northern wilds.

These wandering savages have made but small advances in the domestic arts. Their lodges or tents, are formed of Buffaloe hides dressed to a suitable consistency, and erected on poles, in the shape of an elongated cone, having an aperture at the top to emit the smoke, which purpose it answers but very imperfectly. They are exces-

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

136 By the time the settlers moved in, the antelope had disappeared from the Comanche country, as well as the deer and turkey. As early as we arrived, I never saw a turkey. Some of the small black bear held [224] out in the Wichita mountains for a few years. But there was no possible chance for the Indian to live on large game.

[223] Ducks, geese, plover, curlew, snipe, bobwhite, and prairie chickens [226] were plentiful, and West Cache Creek was teeming with channel cat, blue and yellow cat, and perch; yet I never saw an Indian hunting birds or dangling a hook in the water.

[262] Fish-eating, I was to learn later, was almost taboo. Wallace and [261] Hoebel, doing research for their Comanche history, gained the impression that the Comanches ate fish only to keep from actually starv- [609] ing. They had no objection to white people's fishing in their streams. I fished for miles up and down West Cache Creek, and no one ever objected.

000 I have often thought if I owned a farm West Cache ran through, I would charge people just to look at the creek. To the eye of a boy, there was nothing so beautiful as the blue-green water running over the slightly reddish-tinted granite sand. There was no quicksand on West Cache. Its sand was so sharp you scarcely sank in it when you walked, nor did you rile the water. Here and there were small beaches of clean sand where the swimmer could enter and leave the water. This cool, clear water came from the Wichita Mountains. Strong, vigorous elms along the high banks furnished shade for the swimmer or fisherman. More than sixty years later, I still feel it was the most beautiful prairie stream I have ever seen.

561 Too young in those days to realize the cause, I couldn't help but 571 sense the terrible separateness between my Carlisle group and the old- 657 er men and women. Later I was to realize that government educators 871 of the late nineteenth century, in carrying out their theory of educating 177 young Indians, violated the unwritten bedrock commandment of hu- 155 man behavior: "Thou shalt not speak ill of any man in the presence of his offspring." You must not cut away the support from beneath his feet. You may be able to furnish him another platform, on which he may see fit to step; but he can never step onto your platform if you have first destroyed his footing.

[191] Even the Comanche children's language became taboo at Carlisle. After drilling into the children's minds what terrible people their par-

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

lose his balance, but the larger Indian boys, and some of the younger Indian men, began to give him a bad time.

It was as though they had been waiting for him to make a mistake. They were telling him he was too old even to get on a horse, let alone ride one. Some of the remarks were much less polite and even ribald. The old Indian turned his angry gaze on them and spat out an invective that tended to silence them. What he said was not in my vocabulary, and I never learned what he called them.

Then he turned back to his horse, shortened up his hold on the reins, and vaulted completely over the stallion, landing lightly on his feet, and then vaulted onto the horse's back. Then he proceeded to the starting line and won himself a horse race.

I have stood near this horse's shoulders, and his withers were higher than my eyes—possibly as high as the top of my head, five feet ten and a half inches. In other words, this horse stood seventeen to eighteen hands high.

The old fellow was almost too fabulous to be believed in. As nearly as I was able to discern, he was already a Comanche legend, though he still lived. Mostly he was held in awe by the other Indians, especially by the younger ones. Maybe he was the bogeyman the elders threatened the children with. This one time was the only time I ever saw anyone try to take liberties with him. I doubt that those young Indians would have done so then but for the presence of many white people, U.S. marshals, and Indian police.

Almost any version of the story of the one-eyed man at the three-ringed circus could have been applied to me when I hit the Comanche country in the early days of March, 1902. I had had my fourteenth birthday in January. Everything was new. Everything was wonderful. I would not have changed a single thing.

Since I am Scotch, the love of the land is as much a part of me as the color of my skin or my hair. I am not trying to sound poetic when I say that the sweep of the grass-covered Comanche prairies was soul-satisfying. West Cache Creek, then the most beautiful of prairie streams, furnished the finest fishing and swimming that I have ever enjoyed, anywhere, any time.

There were wild ducks most months of the year, snipe, killdee, plover, doves, curlew, and some bobwhite for my gun. The young of a small variety of cottontail rabbits that lived in the prairie dog towns and were called prairie dog rabbits fell to my rifle. They were superior

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
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to chickens for frying, and there were few chickens in the country.

Even the great multitude of new tasks was soul-inspiring. I went ahead with the freight wagons to the little inland town later to be known as Faxon, near where the present town of Faxon, Oklahoma, is. There was the freighting of lumber for the trading store my father planned to establish, the erection of the store building, and the freighting of the merchandise. I was clerking in the store, seeing all the new faces, continually meeting new people, and learning new names.

But none of these wonders was equal to seeing, meeting, and knowing the Comanche Indians. This was especially true when I sensed that one group of the Indians was inclined to be especially friendly toward me, and they made me feel that I was, in effect, one of them. This group was made up of the older men—the warrior group. They ranged in age from the late forties upward. I remember that in my mind I classed most of them as being in their fifties. Men obviously sixty and over were very scarce.

Since apparently all primitive people are attracted by large men, it may well be that my size helped me with my Comanche friendships. In my fifteenth year I largely had my growth. I was bigger than most men, and my muscles were well developed. Within my skills, I could do a man's work, and did. I continued to grow some until I was sixteen and was actually taller than I am now. I knew only three old Comanches that were taller than I. Quanah Parker and Comanche Jack were two of them.

I was properly thrilled. Here was living history. Here were men that had ridden the war trails to the bitter end: Adobe Walls, Palo Duro Canyon, the retreat to the Big Springs Mountains, and then the surrender at Fort Sill in June, 1875.

I had nothing in common with the teenagers near my age. They didn't work, fish, or hunt, as I did. There was no common meeting ground. What I called the Carlisle group, the older young people who had been to the Pennsylvania school and were much better educated than I, by and large ignored me. I have thought since that perhaps they were a trifle jealous of the attention the old fellows gave me. There was a conscious emotional gap between these educated Indians and the old fellows.

Soon after I arrived, an old squaw man gave me some very valuable information and advice. It summed up about like this: "If a white man wants to gain the friendship and respect of the Comanche, he

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
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726 Indian scouts. The scouts were recruited and commanded by Captain [657] Richard H. Pratt (the same Captain Pratt who, a few years later, [871] was to organize the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and who remained its superintendent for eighteen years, trying to turn Indian youths into imitation white men).

Colonel G. P. Buell advanced from Fort Griffin. Colonel R. S. MacKenzie marched from Fort Concho. Colonel Nelson A. Miles took the field from Fort Supply. Major William Price came eastward from Fort Bascum in New Mexico. Captain Pratt and his scouts, using pack animals to carry supplies, operated at times as a sixth unit.

General Sheridan's idea was to keep the Indians on the move so continuously that their grass-fed horses wouldn't have time to graze, nor would the Indians be able to replenish their commissary from [136] game. (In 1874 there were buffalo on the high plains, but the white hide-hunters were rapidly bringing about their extinction.) A tracing of the movements of the different Army columns as they pursued the Indians, taken from their reports, shows their trails crossing and recrossing one another, sometimes doubling back, much like lizard tracks in the sand.

There were a number of incidents in which the Army captured numbers of women and children. I have never been able to determine to my own satisfaction which group Wer-que-yah and Peet-so were in. About the only difference it would make would be in the distance they had to walk to reach Fort Sill.

Some Army reports set out the problems incurred when such captures were made. The column had to be regrouped and a force sent back with the captives, sufficient to make sure that they would not escape or be rescued by the Indians. Medical personnel and medical supplies must be part of the returning column. Food must be taken along for both soldiers and prisoners. Wagons must be detached from the main force to haul the food, forage and grain for horses and mules, and such of the prisoners as were unable to walk. This included the wounded, aged, women with newborn babies, and children too young to walk. Wer-que-yah assured us that Peet-so walked the whole distance. There were no roads, no ferries or bridges. Streams must be waded, regardless of the weather or time of year. One thing that should be noted: the Army reports mention wounded women [562] in some instances. Many of them fought with their men in the [701] battles.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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000 Dr. McLain added little to the meager supply of facts. I believe he went out only two times. The wounds were all completely scabbed over, with so sign of infection, and he told the Indians he wouldn't be needed. He left them a supply of powdered calomel, with instruc-
[136] tions to use it freely to repel screwworm flies. This was something the Indians savvied, guarding against the screwworm fly. It had been their enemy for countless generations.

758 We mustn't neglect to give Albert's healthy body, and his ances-
tors, credit for his ready healing, the quick, strong knitting of his bones—plus the stoicism with which he lay there through the long hot
000 summer, letting nature take her course. (I took occasion, once, to congratulate a surgeon on the job he had done on my son's broken wrist. He replied that much of a surgeon's success depended on the patient. "Your son got a good wrist and arm because when I told him not to use it, he obeyed. Then when I told him to use it, though it hurt, he used it.")

758 Albert remained out of school when fall came, and about Thanks-
giving time he made his first trip to town horseback. I had been working out in the tent wareroom. Finishing my task, I returned to the storeroom and found Mother talking to Albert. Jim was standing there, face abeam, as Mother told Albert how well he looked.

His hair was long enough to cover the scalp scars, and his clothes covered the other marks of his accident. There was not a scar on face or hands. He was using all four of his limbs. His right leg was shorter, apparently, than the left, but for some time he limped on both legs.

000 By this time, much of the resentment over Jim's story had subsided. Most people took the story at Jim's value. Besides, they had things of greater interest with which to occupy themselves. But the over-curious, and those who had a "thing" about Indians in general, tried to create a feeling against the Indian family and against the cowboy Bone-setter who had saved the unfortunate boy's life.

177 Some people who didn't draw claims, and some who did, resented
the Comanches' having all the good bottomland along West Cache,
657 the water, and the timber. I think it would have helped if the gov-
423 ernment had called the land the Indians kept reserved land, instead
177 of allotments. This would have accented the fact that all the land had belonged to the Indians and that they had sold only such land to the government as they, the Indians, didn't wish to keep. The faultfinders